

# POEM

## His Sacred Majesty,

On His Most Gracious Speech

## PARLIAMENT

And His going to IRELAND.

28. March. 1698. LONDON: Printed by J. Streater.

**G**REAT Sir, when e'er your Gracious Voice we hear,  
Ravish'd we stand, and with our Lives all Ear:  
Your Speech, which equal Joy and Wonder breeds,  
Can be Excell'd by nothing but your Deeds;  
Those Glorious Deeds that sent you here to us,  
To scourge the Insolent, and Good to Praise;  
While with a strong and yet a gentle Hand,  
You Bridle Nations, and our Hearts Command;  
Secure us from our Selves, and from the Foe;  
Make us Unite, and make us Conquer too;  
Those secret Factions which Mens Souls did move,  
Are, by your Favours, Reconciling in Love;  
And now our only strife is, to Obviate  
Each other in the Fruits of Loyalty;  
With such a KING the meanest Nation blest,  
Might hope to lift her Head above the rest;  
What may be thought impossible to do  
For us, Embraced by the Sea and You;  
Lords of the World's great Wast, the Ocean, we  
Whole Forrests send to range upon the Sea;  
And ev'ry Coast may Trouble, or Relieve;  
But none can Visit us without your leave;  
Angels and we have this Prerogative,  
That none can at our happy Seats Arrive;  
While we Descend at pleasure, to invade  
Our Foes with Vengeance, and our Friends to Aid;  
This little World, the Image of the Great,  
(Like that) amidst the Boundless Ocean set,  
Of her own Growth, hark all that Nature craves,  
And all that's Rare, as Tribute from the Waves;  
As Egypt does not on the Clouds rely,  
But to her Nile owes more than to the Sky;  
So will our Earth and what our Heav'n denies,  
Our ever-constant Friend the Sea, supplies.

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Things of the Noblest kind, our own Self, breads;  
 Such are our Men, and We like are on Steeds  
 Here the Third Edward, and the Black Prince to  
 Victorious Henry, flourish'd and now on,  
 Going to Vanquish those Rebellious Foes  
 Which Your Just Arms in IRELAND Oppose:  
 If Valiant *Schambers* Irish bare Fears could do  
 Against those traitorous Subjects with so few  
 What may not we, Great Sir, expect, when You  
 Are with your Royal Army, Wasted o'er,  
 And safely Landed on the *Irish* Shore.

Yet need your Foes not *Dread* (if they'll Submit)  
 Your Power, you wish such Sweetness temper in  
 Brave Souls less pleasure in Artels won  
 Than in restoring those that are Undone  
 Tygers have Courage, and the Rugged Bears  
 But Man alone, can, whom he Conquers, Spare:  
 To Pardon, willing, and to Punish, ready  
 You Strike with one Hand, but you Heal with both:

Lifting up all that *prostrate* lie, you *raise*  
 You cannot make the Dead again to Live:

And whilst you make your Stubborn Foes to fall  
 Your Gracious Favour needs must Conquer all:  
 Witness the Zeal you've shew'd, to pass a Free  
 Act of Grace, Pardon, and Indemnity.

What you have done already is well known  
 And we with Humble Gratitude must own  
 When, in your Royal Robes, you lately went  
 To meet your Kind and Dignous PARLIAMENT  
 (That Healing Senate, which all Storms can calm  
 And Cure the Nation with its Acts of Balm)  
 Blessings and Prayers were sent to Heaven loud  
 By ev'ry Member of the Gazing Crowd  
 No sooner that Illustrious Body saw  
 Their Dearest Sovereign, but a Loving Ave  
 Shin'd in each Face, and with a Greedy Ear  
 Receiv'd those Oracles he utter'd there  
 They Thank his Royal Cares for that he's done  
 And Vote Supplies for what there is to come  
 Ah! Blessed Fruits, such happy Union brings  
 The Loyalst Subjects, and the Best of KING'S  
 Subjects, that to Maintain this Needful War  
 Freely will part with what He fain would spare  
 Their Publick Purse they offer—let all fly  
 Rather than Popish Laws and Tyranny  
 Should Rule again; for when our Country's Good  
 Is Toucht, we value neither Coyn nor Blood  
 Cursed be he those Sacred Bonds that parts  
 KING'S greatest Treasures, are their Subjects Hearts  
 Wherein Your Majesty has such a share  
 No Earthly Monarch can with You Compare

There is lately published a New-Book, intitled, *The Royal Notes*, containing the most  
 Material passages in the Life of his present Majesty: With his Call to the redemption  
 of Bleeding Ireland; Together with Ireland's Groans for English assistance: Or, an Account of  
 Popish-cruelty, and Perjury, acted by Irish Papists: and the Case of Religious Loyalty tried,  
 in reference to the present Government.

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